

## LETTERS FROM RURAL DISTRICTS

## FALLSBURG

Our school is progressing nicely at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Worley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. Cooksey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Maddy attended Sunday school at this place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Anderson and little grandson spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Bowe Cochran at this place.

Miss Nona May Cooksey was calling on Miss Grace Jordan Sunday.

Miss Pluma Henson spent Sunday evening with her sister, Mrs. Bert Cooksey.

Jim Fugate was calling on H. H. Cochran Monday.

Mrs. L. V. Calmes was calling on Addie Rice last Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Cochran and little daughter were calling on Mrs. A. Johnson last Sunday.

Remember Sunday school each Sunday at 10 o'clock.

Church every second Sunday by Rev. H. B. Hewlett of Louisa. Every fourth Sunday by Brother John H. Hupa. Everybody invited to attend. D.O.T.

## CHUCKERY, OHIO

Farmers at this place are busy husking corn.

Grathel Spaulding who has been sick is better.

Marion Vanhoushe and wife of Plain City motored to Chuckery Monday.

Mrs. Pliner and family moved to Chuckery. Their former home was in Montana.

N. E. Saxton and two children are very ill at this writing.

The Chuckery high school gave a kitchen orchestra November 28.

Hershal Bairdridge of Rosedale was the guest at Chuckery Sunday night.

A surprise party was given at John Burns' a few days ago for his son, Henry, who was fifteen years old. All report a nice time.

Gladys Roush was calling on Cora Spaulding Sunday last.

Dona Hicks who has been working at Columbus, Ohio, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with home folks.

Martha Spaulding and son made a business trip to Plain City Friday last.

Irene Hugg went to Lima to spend Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Esta McGill of Zanesville was calling on home folks Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Samantha Austin and children were calling on Martha Spaulding Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Siders are moving from here to Delaware, Ohio. We are very sorry to lose our neighbors.

Arthur Hicks was visiting home folks Sunday last.

OHIO BEAUTY.

## CORDELL

Hunting is all the go here now. Several attended church at Lower Brushy Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Gartin have returned home from Columbus, O.

Opal Baker was the Sunday guest of Golda Mcbowell.

Arlie Holbrook of Hicksville was calling on his best girl Sunday.

Kay Jordan and family of Louisa motored down our creek Friday.

Pluma Prince was the guest of little Miss Ethel Marie Corde Sunday.

Nona and Lanza Arrington and father motored to Louisa and back Friday.

We are glad to say Mrs. Susie Prince is able to be out again.

Bascom Moore has returned home from Columbus.

Watson Moore of Cherokee and Lydia Osborn were the Sunday evening guests of Nona Arrington.

Willie Moore and Charley Cornutte made a business trip to Blaine Thursday.

Sylvia Steele was the Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Steele.

Remember church at Cordell third Saturday and Sunday of this month. TWO DEMOCRATS.

## MEADS BRANCH

Church here Saturday night and Sunday was largely attended.

There will be church here Saturday night and Sunday. Everybody come.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nelson, a fine girl.

Mrs. A. H. Miller took dinner Sunday with Mrs. Leo Meade.

Willie Miller of Beaver creek is visiting home folks.

Shirley Miller and Herbert Wellman attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Miller and children spent Sunday at H. Blackburn's.

Canada Blackburn attended church here Sunday.

Basil Hays of Regina was on our creek Sunday.

Listen for the wedding bells.

Miss Della Mead is contemplating a trip to Ohio soon.

Uncle Emery Castle is very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Ella Hickman and Mary Miller were on our creek Saturday.

Miss Ahie Miller will visit relatives at Paintsville soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pharo Childers and children spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. J. A. Stewart.

J. R. Miller and little son spent Sunday night with A. C. Miller at Tadpole.

Robt. Stewart is expected home soon from Hatfield, W. Va.

Nolda and Nola Kise called at E. M. Pack's Saturday on business.

Miss Eva Meade has returned home from Paintsville.

Miss Hazel Wagner was on our creek one day last week.

WHITE EYE.

## YATESVILLE

About a week ago George C. Short, one of our neighbors, while attempting to put a bale of hay into his barn loft, fell from a ladder a distance of ten feet, the bale of hay falling on him causing him very painful injuries. In the latest reports are to the effect that he is improving.

John A. Berry who has been on the sick list for so long is now able to stir about the house.

Dr. Sparks of Louisa passed thru here last Friday enroute to Jeff C. Linworth's and Charley Bentley's on cat, each of whom was so badly burned in the powder explosion some over a week ago.

The saw mill here is doing a thriving business. M. F. Short and Jay Salter have hauled to the mill a fine lot of timber which will be cut into lumber at once.

J. D. Adkins has the contract of remodeling the bridge across the branch just below the school house and will begin the stone work at once.

J. W. Elkins, together with a few other Yatesvillers attended the Masonic meeting at Louisa on last Monday night.

Farmers are about done gathering corn which crop proves to be light through this section.

The road grading is practically completed to the Boyd county line and the bridge crossing Blaine creek at Wm. Savage's will be ready for use by Christmas, so it is said.

Edmond Johnson, one of our stock merchants is furnishing beehives for Queen and Lambert's meat shop.

Mrs. Mary Jane Viers house, together with its contents, was destroyed by fire early last Friday, the last night, and she being a respectable widow with practically no income is receiving very liberal contributions from our good people.

T. H. Chadwick, our truant officer, was here among us again last week. We are sorry to note that our school here has been somewhat interfered with by sickness, which condition still prevails, there being a considerable amount of sickness among many of the smaller children of our locality. COUNTRY GREENHORN.

## EAST POINT

Mrs. J. Moles and son of Auxier spent the week-end here the guests of relatives.

School was closed here from Wednesday until Monday. Mr. Adams spent the holidays in Cincinnati. Miss Webb with home folks at Van Lear. We are having a splendid school this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Robinson and baby daughter are the guests of Mrs. Robinson's parents.

Mrs. Wm. Cridler was in Prestonsburg recently calling on friends and relatives.

Durward B. Price spent Thanksgiving with his uncle, Clate Preston.

Uncle Ned Stapleton and wife of Mud Lick are visiting relatives here.

Mr. C. G. Hager and Mrs. Malcolm Hager and children were in Prestonsburg Monday and Tuesday, the guests of relatives.

C. S. Friend and Newt Fannin of Van Lear Junction were here repairing S. M. Musie's car.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Musie and children of Junction City were here last Sunday the guests of Mrs. W. W. Greer.

Mrs. Frank Ramey, Miss Alka May Webb, Chas. G. Adams and George L. Ramey went to Van Lear Monday to see the minstrel show given by Paintsville high school boys. Douglas Ramey was an actor in this show.

Mrs. Mauda May of Cliff and Mrs. B. L. Spradlin were the all day guests of aunt Lottie Auxier Sunday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Shannon, a girl.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Buell Ferguson is some better.

Miss Fanny May returned Sunday from a visit to relatives at Hager Hill.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Ramey and sons were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bayes Ramey Thanksgiving.

Rev. J. L. Harrington filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday. The time for services has been changed from the fourth to the first Saturday and Sunday in each month.

S. M. Musie spent the week-end with home folks.

Otto Moles was a business visitor in Paintsville Saturday.

The Parent-Teachers Association held here Friday was a success. Auxier school visited us on that day. Also, Mrs. J. Melvin Hall of Paintsville. Quite a number of the parents of the district were present. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the following program:

Song by audience.

Recitation—The Elf Child—Mildred Musie.

Recitation—Strive—Dorothy Robinson.

Recitation—The land of Nod—May Stevens.

Today and Tomorrow—J. Melvin Hall.

The Value of Education—Superintendent Meade.

Prof. Brandenburg gave us a straight from the shoulder talk on the duties of parents toward their children and their children's teachers. It may have hit some of us in a sore spot, but all enjoyed it. The prize of \$2 offered for the largest family present was awarded to David Johnson who was present with his five daughters. ARUAL.

## EVERGREEN

Lora Thompson spent Sunday with Mrs. Maggie Moore.

Sue Thompson, Lou and Ruby Moore attended church at Thompson chapel Sunday.

Sam Moore was calling on Ray Thompson Saturday.

Lou and Ruby Moore were the Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. E. E. Zirkles.

Ray and Eskham Thompson attended church at Smoky Valley Sunday night.

Laura B. Damron, Hazel Carter and Waukeha Dussey were horseback riding Sunday.

There was church here Saturday night and Sunday by Bro. Hallett. BLACK BEAUTY.

## John and Eleanor's Dream

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Their dream had come true at last. John and Eleanor looked at each other with startled eyes, as if unable to believe it. After two years of city life—an apartment, modest, but in quite a nice district—they had their country cottage.

The cottage they had always dreamed of. It was John who had found it. It was a little, old-fashioned place with about half an acre of garden, just within the commuting region, yet untouched by modernity. There was not even a bathroom when they rented it. John had had that put in. The whole thing had been a surprise to Eleanor.

She stood among the hollyhocks with shining eyes. "It seems too good to be true," she said. "The dearest place! John, won't we be happy?"

They were. Eleanor revelled in her garden. John moved the lawn in the evenings. They had no cars, no one to bother them. In the evenings Eleanor sewed or read, while John, when he was not detained at the office, was frequently happened, went through his accounts and correspondence.

"We'll save all the expenses of a holiday now, dearest," said John. "I shall simply knock off work for a couple of weeks and stay here with you."

That event happened a few weeks after they had moved in. It was the latter part of August, scorching hot; John, in his shirt-sleeves all day under the big maples, going through letters and wishing that he had his stenographer with him.

"John, dearest," said Eleanor, bending over him, "don't you think you ought to get a little exercise now that you're free?"

"I've thought of that," answered John, smoothing down his waistcoat. "Trouble is, there are no golf links anywhere for miles around. I wish some one would start some."

"But, dearest, how about those nice country walks we planned?"

"Nothing against 'em," answered John, "except that we've worn out the country."

"Worn it out?" queried Eleanor. "Yep, that's what I said," John answered briskly. "We know all the roads 'round here. We know Farmer Giles' black cow and Farmer Hendrick's blue one. We know the pretty cottage with the jasmine and honeysuckle at the head of the road. We know—Oh, everything that's knowable, including Mrs. Miller's blue-eyed kid that makes faces at us."

"Oh, I know, I know," said Eleanor miserably. John was getting tired of their dream, that was the trouble. That was why he brought all his work home.

John was mooping.

"The clear, starry skies, the wonder of the dawn, the sound of singing birds, the music in each rill of water—these were not for John. Eleanor would be glad, for John's sake, when his holiday came to an end.

Something seemed to be coming between them that autumn. The old, sweet confidence seemed gone. Sometimes Eleanor would detect her husband sitting in his chair, staring moodily at her. At such times her heart would beat faster, and she would wonder:

"Can there be any one else?"

One night she could bear it no longer. "John, won't you tell me what has come between us of late?" she begged. "Is there—is there some one else?"

John kissed her sadly. "No, darling, just business troubles," he answered. Could she believe him? Eleanor looked at him doubtfully. After that the shadow that had fallen between them grew blacker and blacker.

"Dear, what'd you say to a little jaunt to town this evening?" John asked, "just to keep in touch with things. We mustn't become back numbers, even if we do live in the country, must we?"

Eleanor agreed without enthusiasm. The spell of country life had taken hold of her. But for John's sake—

It was strange being at the theater again. They watched each other, each afraid of seeming too appreciative. They dined at a fashionable restaurant.

"It is nice in a way, isn't it, Eleanor?" said John. "But it doesn't come up to the glories of sunset and dawn, and the hum of the tree-toads, does it?"

"N-no," said Eleanor. She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not realize where they were going until John helped her out of the taxi.

She stared about her. "Why, its our old apartment house!" she exclaimed. Without a word John led the way into their old apartment on the ground floor. Eleanor gasped. It was all furnished—ready for occupancy. She looked at her husband, and a sudden light came to her.

"Oh, darling!" she cried. "Did I guess right?"

"You did. But—but—"

"We'll have our things sent out this week, old oaken bucket and all. I'll attend to it. 'You'll stay right here. This is where our real life begins.'"

Double Play.

Twins having arrived, the father told little Peter that he needn't go to school that day.

Little Peter—But wouldn't it be just as good to tell teacher tomorrow I've got one new little brother, and next week stay home again and then tell her I've got one more?

## Richard Lloyd Jones tells

About The Light Maker



WE were groping our way across the street intersection which was hidden in the pitch blackness of a moonless midnight when we were startled by the rattle of the dead arc-lamp above us. Then we heard the creak of the pulley that held it and we knew that somewhere close to us in that dark stillness was a man feeding out the rope to lower the lamp to the street level. We waited and watched. Presently a flash lamp was laid on the ground and revealed the lame lamp and its doctor. By the dim reflection we saw him place a platform which he presently mounted and then went to work.

Walking toward him we announced our approach by the inquiry, "I suppose that step you are standing on is insulated?"

"Yes," he replied.

"With glass knobs?" we observed, by way of making conversation to glean a morsel of electrical information.

"Stand back a little," he said, "the wind might sweep the lamp over to you, and you're on the ground."

"I suppose you're perfectly safe on your platform?" was our next feeler.

"Safe as long as I use but one hand at a time," he said. "By using two hands I can easily make a short circuit through my body."

"That would kill you of course?" we added knowingly.

"Maybe not," he replied.

"It isn't the instant shock that kills but the continued shock. The current shocks the blood cells. If enough of the blood cells become so cooked that the other cells cannot cure them, you die. But if most of your blood cells are left normal you will live. A short-circuited

current that was three times the voltage here. It was so great that instead of holding me it repelled me; it threw me to the ground. I was unconscious many hours. But as you see, I was not killed. The burning process did not last long enough."

"Does this street meet with Jennifer down there?" he said, pointing to an arc a block below. "I am not much acquainted about this district. I am a student. Good night," he said, and he was off to lighten up the dark highways of men.

We didn't learn much about electricity in that curb talk in the midnight hour, but we learned again the scholar's duty.

He is a wasteful student who does not use that which he knows for the benefit of other men. It is the soldier scholar who serves, and who justifies the universities of the world. The man who finds in culture only a source of self-gratification, who is contented with the mere possession of culture, who is not impatient to use it, who is unwilling to take the risk of getting short-circuited in the currents of life that he might while he lives do his part to lighten up the dark avenues of the world, is not living true to the highest purposes of life.

He serves a high service who goes about alone, cautious, but fearless, spreading light in this still dark and troubled world, and giving a without the applause of those who profit by it and who never see the good deed done.

Along the dark and silent pathway in that midnight hour that student was putting into practice the highest preachment in life. Willingness to do some good unseen, some good that brightens the pathway of others is the soldier service open to all.

If each of us would mend a lamp or light a lamp, risk a little to do a little for the common good, this old world would fast grow better and seem much brighter.

## poem by UNCLE JOHN



If it wasn't for expenses which is certain to accrue, I wouldn't mind the problems of existence like I do. . . . I allers favored incomes, an' have spoke in their deince, but you can't produce an argymint in favor of expense!

I gather in my wages, when the same is duly earned, and lay aside a stipend for the gasoline I've burnt,—I figger on a surplus to retain for saltin' down, but she never lasts a minnit, when I mosey off to town!

To jugulate expenses is the climax of my will, when I go against a blowout with a seven dollar bill,—but a double-header hits me whar the chicken got the axe, an' she sweeps away my surplus like a corporation tax!

I never knowed a failure that disbursements didn't cause; there's a world of forked lightning in our economic law—and I'll give the feller credit for a wagon-load of sense, that invents a safety income, which is bigger than expense!

Yr. very truly, John.

## GLENWOOD &amp; TRINITY

V. B. Shortridge was transacting business here this week. He and his family have recently moved to their new home in Ashland. The community was very sorry to lose such good citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Handley and Mrs. J. S. Rife were visitors in Ashland Thursday.

Miss Willie Taylor of Morris Har-

vey College and Mrs. W. W. Paines of Louisa were visitors here Monday.

Norma Taylor is attending school at Louisa.

Miss B. Shortridge, who has been visiting at Normal and Ashland, has returned home.

Mrs. P. C. Copley, Misses Monnie Handley and Iona Adams were shopping at Huntington and Ashland Friday.

W. B. Miller and family have moved to Borea college.

Several boys from Louisa have been spending a few days hunting with Rager Handley.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Copley will move to Portsmouth soon.

Grace Reicher and John Workman were callers at Ella B. Shortridge's Sunday.

Several girls will leave here soon for Borea college.

SNOW DEER.

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